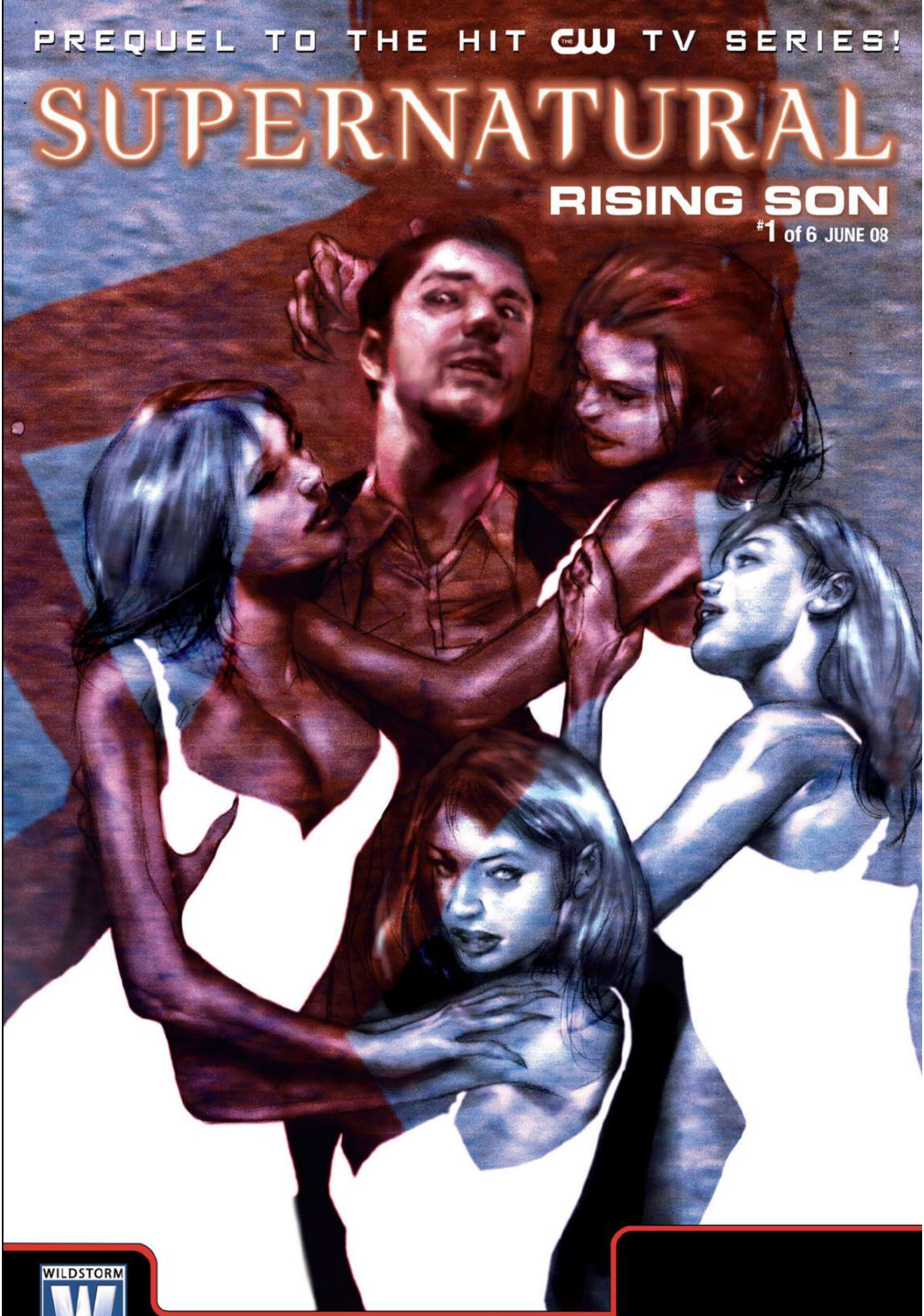
PREQUEL TO THE HIT CW TV SERIES!

SUPERNATURAL

RISING SON

#1 of 6 JUNE 08



WILDSTORM

JOHNSON • DESSERTINE • OLMOS

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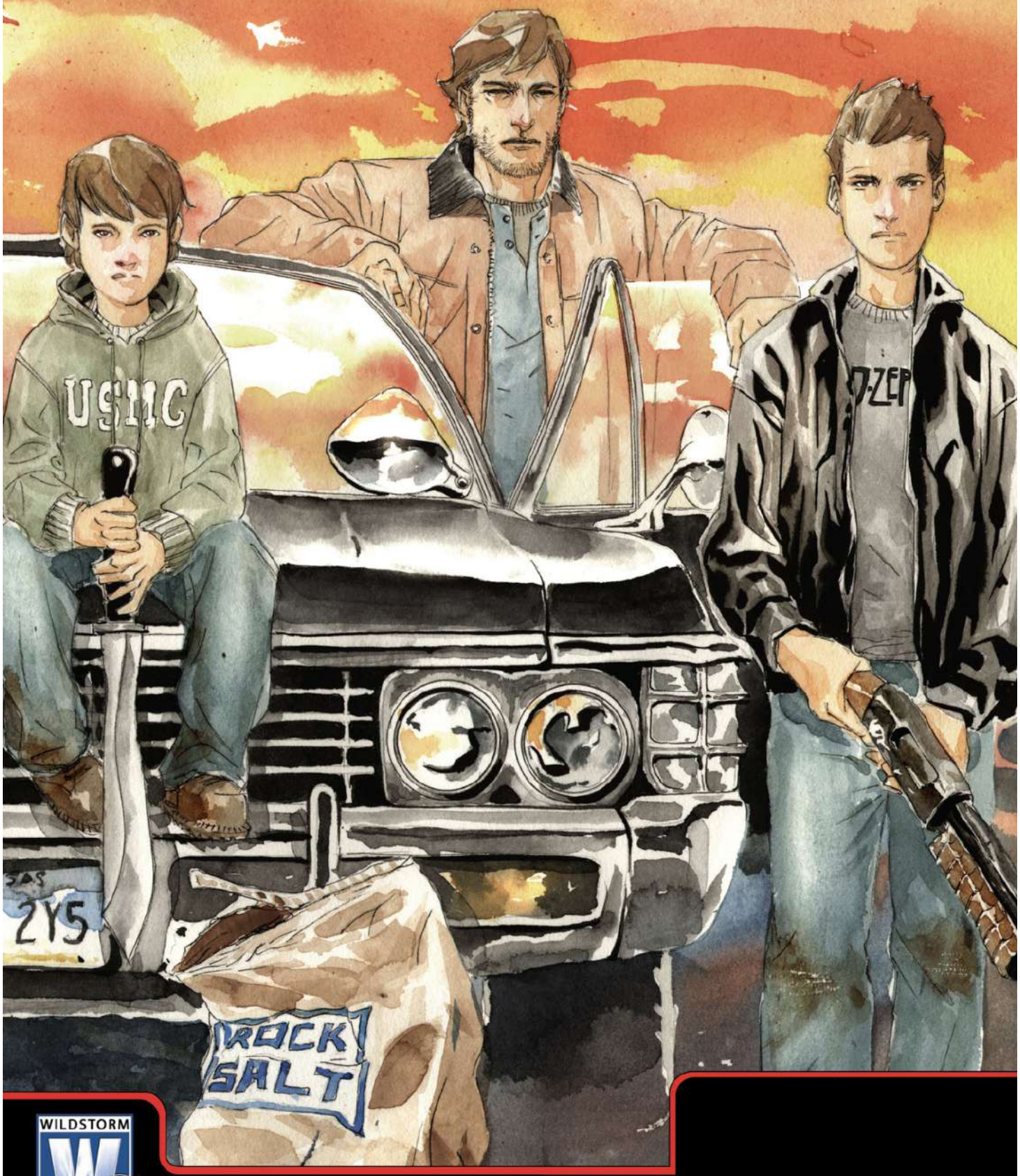
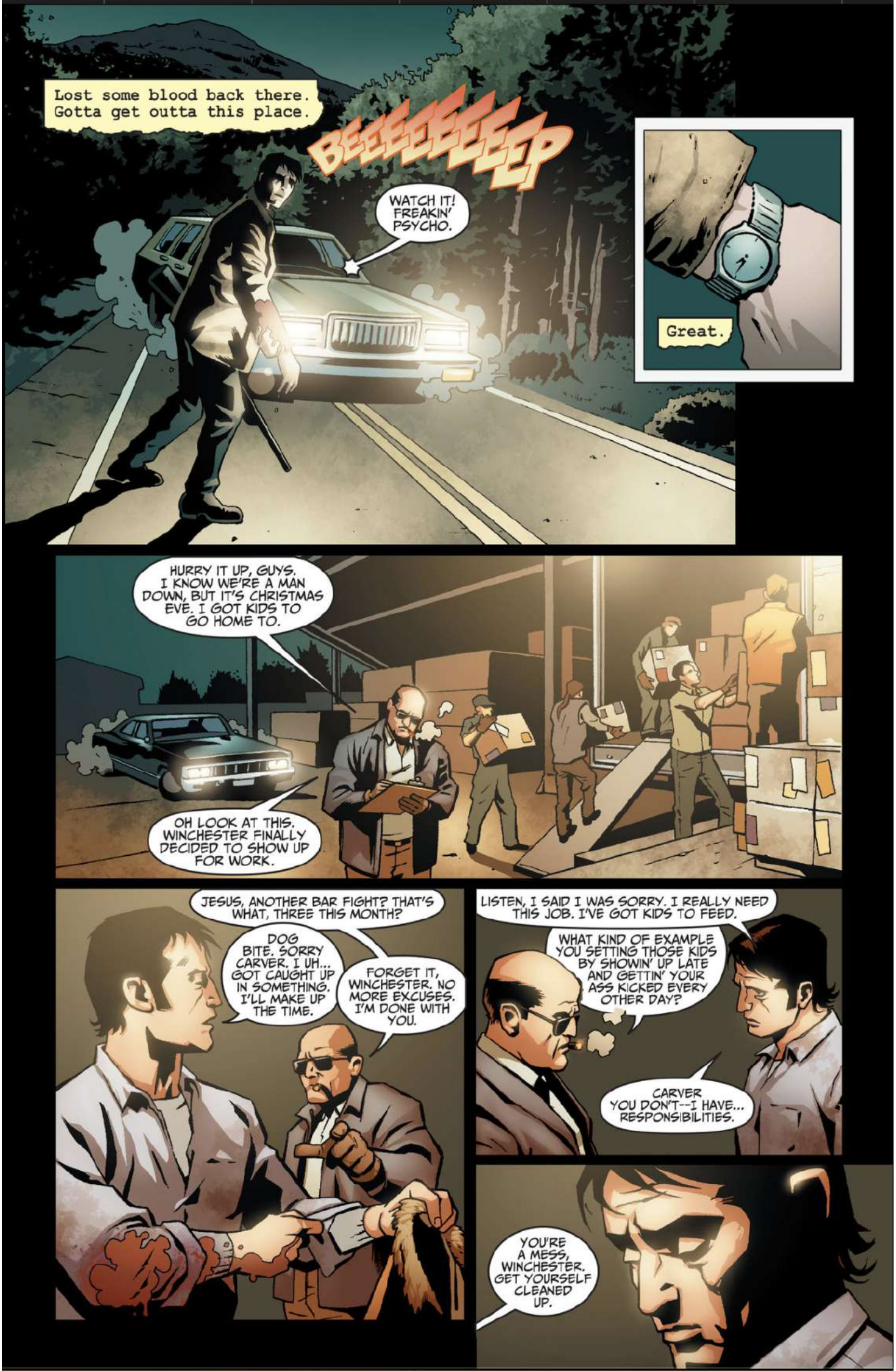


WILDSTORM

JOHNSON • DESSERTINE • OLMOS

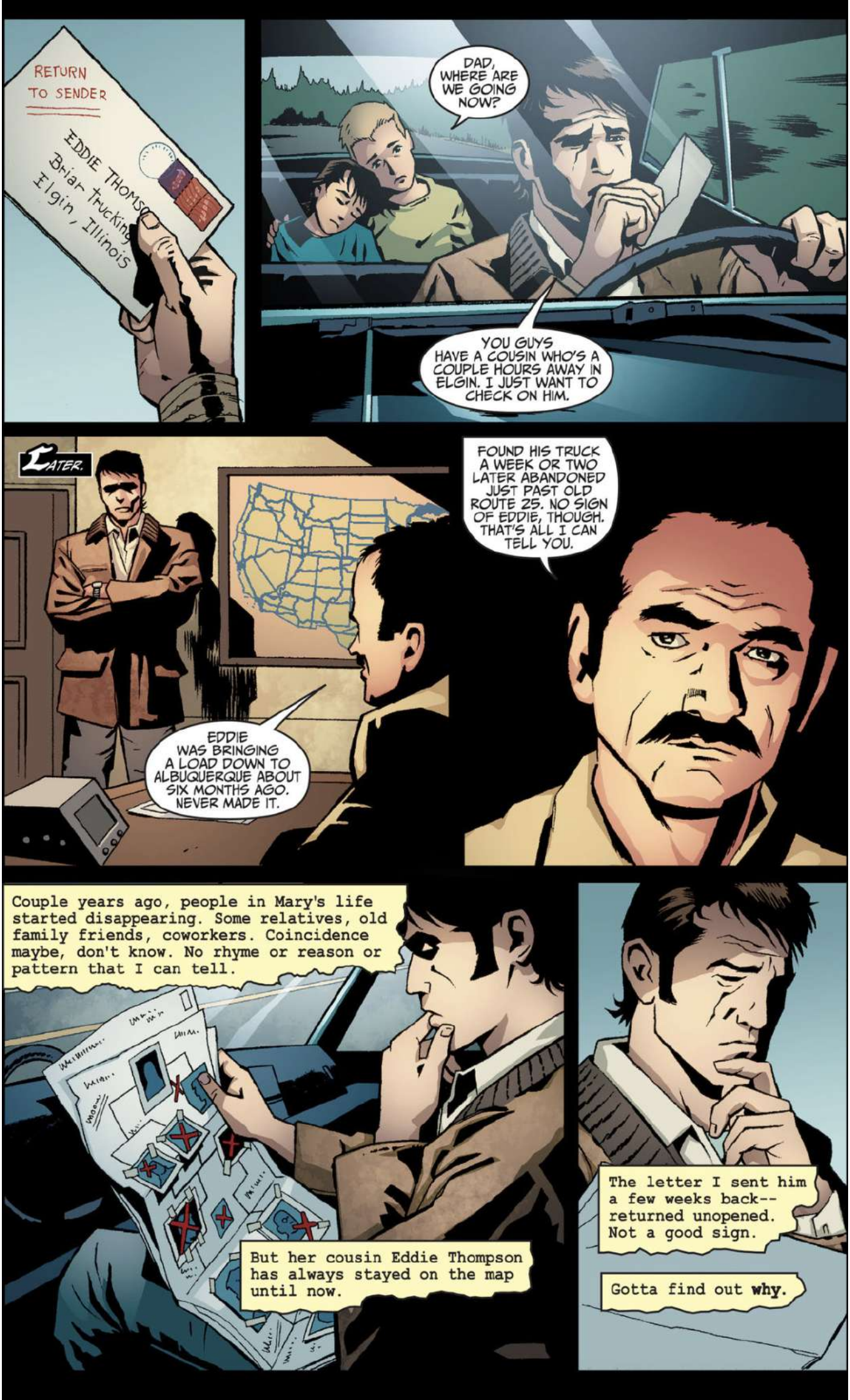
DELAVAN, WISCONSIN, 1990
How many years now? Out on the road. **Hunting.** Dragging the boys through my own private hell.
Don't remember what it's like to have a home anymore. Just as well. Even the best home has its shadows.
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?
BAA, BAAA--BA--EKK--EKK
The Beast of Bray Road, a houndlike beast that runs on its hind legs. Leaving its upper legs to rip its victims to shreds. Before devouring them. Lotsa fun.
Been terrorizing people all over these parts. Family dogs, live stock--and two school kids out playing doctor behind a barn--all massacred and half-eaten. Most people chalk it up to some kind of overgrown German Shepherd.
I'm not most people.

GARRAAAHHH...
All too easy.
SNAP
GRRRRRRRAAAGGGHH
OOHF!
BLAMM
GET OFF ME, YOU MANGY MUTT!
ARRGGHH! MY ARM--
Not going out this way--


Lost some blood back there. Gotta get outta this place.
BEEEEEEEEP
WATCH IT! FREAKIN' PSYCHO.
Great.
HURRY IT UP, GUYS. I KNOW WE'RE A MAN DOWN, BUT IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE. I GOT KIDS TO GO HOME TO.
OH LOOK AT THIS. WINCHESTER FINALLY DECIDED TO SHOW UP FOR WORK.
JESUS, ANOTHER BAR FIGHT? THAT'S WHAT, THREE THIS MONTH?
DOG BITE. SORRY CARVER. I UH... GOT CAUGHT UP IN SOMETHING. I'LL MAKE UP THE TIME.
FORGET IT, WINCHESTER. NO MORE EXCUSES. I'M DONE WITH YOU.
LISTEN, I SAID I WAS SORRY. I REALLY NEED THIS JOB. I'VE GOT KIDS TO FEED.
WHAT KIND OF EXAMPLE YOU SETTING THOSE KIDS BY SHOWIN' UP LATE AND GETTIN' YOUR ASS KICKED EVERY OTHER DAY?
CARVER YOU DON'T--I HAVE... RESPONSIBILITIES.
YOU'RE A MESS, WINCHESTER. GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP.

Mary.
If you could see me now.
Would you be proud? Or ashamed?
Can't even hold down a job.
Too busy battling people's **nightmares** so they can keep looking the other way.
DAD! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARM?
NOTHING, NOTHING HAPPENED. BURNT IT ON THE ENGINE BLOCK OF THE CAR. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
HOW 'BOUT YOU MAKE YOUR DAD A GRILLED CHEESE?
...SURE.
I WANT ONE.
YOU ALREADY HAD TWO!
SO?
SO, YOU'RE A PIG. YOU THINK THEY'RE FREE?
DAAADD!
ENOUGH! BOYS, PLEASE.
Battled that nasty little bugger today. Kicked the Beast back to whatever corner of hell it came from. But as I looked into that stinking mouth, I wondered for the hundredth time: when's **my** time gonna come?
And if something happens to me, who'll take care of the boys?
Just trying to do this without **you** is hard enough, Mary...
Mary...
Mary...

KNOCK KNOCK
MARY, MARY!
IT'S GEORGE! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO US?
WHAT'S GOING ON? BOYS?
MARY!
KNOCK KNOCK
MISTER WINCHESTER, YOU IN THERE?
YOU GOTTA PAY FOR TONIGHT. YOU ONLY PAID ME FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS.
I KNOW, I'LL GET IT. JUST GIVE ME A COUPLE MORE DAYS. I GOT LAID OFF AND I--
WELL, WE GOT A PROBLEM.
THIS IS MY BEST ROOM.
AND I GAVE IT TO YOU BECAUSE OF THOSE LITTLE SQUIRTS OVER THERE. BUT NOW I NEED IT, HOLIDAY SEASON YA KNOW. YOU CAN'T PAY, YOU GET OUT, THAT'S MY POLICY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS. OH, AND THIS CAME FOR YA.


RETURN TO SENDER
EDDIE THOMSON
Briar Trucking
Elgin, Illinois
DAD, WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?
YOU GUYS HAVE A COUSIN WHO'S A COUPLE HOURS AWAY IN ELGIN. I JUST WANT TO CHECK ON HIM.
LATER.
EDDIE WAS BRINGING A LOAD DOWN TO ALBUQUERQUE ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO. NEVER MADE IT.
FOUND HIS TRUCK A WEEK OR TWO LATER ABANDONED JUST PAST OLD ROUTE 25. NO SIGN OF EDDIE, THOUGH. THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU.
Couple years ago, people in Mary's life started disappearing. Some relatives, old family friends, coworkers. Coincidence maybe, don't know. No rhyme or reason or pattern that I can tell.
But her cousin Eddie Thompson has always stayed on the map until now.
The letter I sent him a few weeks back-- returned unopened. Not a good sign.
Gotta find out **why**.

I DON'T SEE WHY WE COULDN'T STAY BACK IN WISCONSIN.
KIDDO, WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
LIKE WHAT?
HERE, TAKE THIS MAP. YOU CAN BE MY NAVIGATOR. WE WANT TO HEAD SOUTH TOWARDS ALBUQUERQUE.
DAD, I DON'T WANT TO GO THERE.
SURE YOU DO, SAMMY. WE'LL GET YOU SOME TACOS, OKAY?
WHY DO I HAVE TO BE THE NAVIGATOR?
JUST STOP IT, BOYS, OKAY? STOP IT.
The boys don't need my temper. They deserve better.
I just...just need to stay on course. Eddie might be one of my last leads to Mary.
Wait a second...
DAADDD! YOU ALMOST HIT THAT CAR.
DID YOU SEE THAT EXIT BACK THERE? WE'RE CHECKING IT OUT.
DAD, CAN'T WE JUST GET ALONG TO ALBUQUERQUE?
I NEED TO PEE!
IT'S OKAY, GUYS, THERE'LL BE SOMETHING THIS WAY.
OLD ROUTE 66
25
TEN BUCKS SAYS THERE'S A TOWN JUST UP AHEAD.

DAD, THIS PLACE ISN'T EVEN ON THE MAP.
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. WE'RE JUST GONNA STOP AND ASK A COUPLE QUESTIONS.
WE GOT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. I'M TIRED.
HI, BOYS.
HOW 'BOUT WE FIND A MOTEL AND I DROP YOU BOYS OFF FOR A BIT?
THEATRE
PRETTY WOMAN
I'LL DO SOME DIGGING, SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT IF EDDIE CAME THROUGH HERE, AND GRAB US SOME BURGERS ON THE WAY BACK. THEN WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE, I PROMISE.
BUT DEAN, YOU GOTTA LEARN TO ENJOY THE SCENERY ONCE IN A WHILE.
DINER

HI, HON, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?
UM. I JUST NEED THREE CHEESEBURGERS TO GO.
OF COURSE, CUTIE. SIT ON DOWN. I'LL GET YOU SOME COFFEE.
DON'T RECKON I'VE SEEN YOU 'ROUND HERE BEFORE. STAYIN' A WHILE?
JUST PASSING THROUGH. MADE A WRONG TURN BACK BY THE INTERSTATE. NICE TOWN. SORTA OFF THE BEATEN PATH.
WE LIKE IT. NICE AND COZY. LOOK AROUND. THERE'S PLENTY HERE FOR A GUY LIKE YOU.
WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT. EVER SEEN THIS GUY COME IN HERE?
NOPE. NOT SO GREAT WITH PICTURES, THOUGH.
NAME'S EDDIE. EDDIE THOMPSON. TRUCKER. WOULD HAVE BEEN A FEW MONTHS AGO.
LIKE I SAID. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM.
BURGERS UP.
146 Linden St

Fooled myself a few times over the years that it's always the **next** person who knew Mary that'll have some answers. But here? Feels like I'm getting closer to **something.**
146
KNOCK
EDDIE? IS THAT YOU?
WHO'S ASKIN'?
EDDIE, IT'S ME, JOHN. MARY WINCHESTER'S HUSBAND.
DON'T KNOW ANYONE BY THAT NAME. YOU SHOULD GO.
EDDIE, WHAT'S GOING ON? I SENT YOU A LETTER A MONTH AGO. GOT RETURNED YESTERDAY. MAYBE I CAN COME IN--
NO. SORRY. CAN'T. GOODBYE.
HONEY BUNCHES, WHO IS IT?
NO ONE. THEY WERE JUST LEAVING. I'LL BE RIGHT UP.
EDDIE-- *PLEASE.* I NEED YOUR HELP. FOR MARY'S SAKE.
NIGHTENGALE TAVERN. 8 O'CLOCK.
THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE *NO ONE,* HON.
WRONG HOUSE. HE WAS LOOKING FOR THE HAVERSONS ACROSS THE STREET.
SORRY FOR THE BOTHER, MA'AM.

Nightengale
Normal little town by all accounts. But something's **off**.
Can't get much traffic through here, but the place is practically bustling.
And the feminine touch. It's nice, but c'mon-- the *Nightengale Tavern*? Gimme Harvelle's anytime.
Then again...
JOHN-- OVER HERE. I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, SO...

JESUS, EDDIE. YOU'RE SWEATING. WHAT--
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I'M HERE FOR YOU. DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IF YOU WERE STILL ALIVE. Y'SEE, SOME OF MARY'S FRIENDS AND RELATIVES HAVE BEEN GOING MISSING. SOME ARE DEAD. I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT WHY.
WHY? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?
KNOW WHAT?
IT'S BECAUSE OF MARY.
BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.
RIGHT AFTER SHE DIED, I THOUGHT YOU LOST YOUR MIND, JOHN. BABBLING ABOUT BURNING ON THE CEILING, CRAZY-TALK.
BUT NOW I SEE YOU WERE RIGHT. AND THAT IT ONLY GETS WORSE FROM THERE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
GOT YOURSELF A LITTLE BOYS NIGHT OUT, HUH?
JUST A QUICK DRINK WITH AN OLD FRIEND, ESTELLE. JOHN'S JUST DRIVING THROUGH.
BEERS, GENTLEMEN. ENJOY...
...JOHN.
MY FAVORITE NAME.

JOHN, LISTEN TO ME. I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT MARY. YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIKE IT--
THERE YOU ARE, SWEETIE! YOU KNOW YOU'RE LATE, DON'TCHA?
WENT OUT FOR SOME MILK, NADINE. BUMPED INTO JOHN HERE. HE AND HIS BOYS HAVE BUSINESS DOWN IN ALBUQUERQUE.
WELL, DINNER'S WAITING. HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR DETOUR, JOHN.
YOU SHOULD STAY A WHILE.
Just gets weirder. Didn't even touch his--
--beer.
MIND IF I SIT DOWN?
GET OUT

MY SHIFT'S OVER. HOW 'BOUT KEEPING ME COMPANY FOR A WHILE?
SHOULD GET BACK TO MY BOYS--
Her touch...
THEY'RE AT THE INN, RIGHT? CHARITY RUNS THE PLACE. DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM.
Soft, warm...
JUST BUY A LADY A DRINK.
HOURS LATER.
WHERE WAS I?
YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR WIFE. MARY.
The way she says it.
I'M SORRY SHE'S GONE, JOHN.
Her voice is intoxicating.
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE.
She's. Not. Mary--
I NEED TO GO... FRESHEN UP.
Feel woozy. Hot.
What's wrong with me?
What am I even doing here?
JOHN...
I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE TONIGHT.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, JOHN.
WHY'D YOU DO THAT, JOHN?
WE JUST WANT YOU TO STAY. NO HARM IN THAT.
YOU CAN HAVE ANY ONE OF US.
STAY, JOHN.
WE'RE HERE FOR YOU, JOHN.
...UNIMAGINABLE PLEASURE...
OR IF YOU DON'T FIND US ATTRACTIVE...

...MAYBE YOU LIKE THIS BETTER.
Mary?!
IT'S ME, JOHN.
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE.
NEVER LEAVE ME AGAIN.
I LOVE YOU.
NEVER LEAVE, JOHN.
UNIMAGINABLE PLEASURE.
I'M YOURS, JOHN. ALL YOURS.
Of course. Shoulda seen it before.
Succubi. Hell's **whores.** They lure men into fits of ecstacy and then kill them by sucking out their life force. So the legend goes...
Looks like they've got a nice little set-up in this town. Guys like me, just passing through. Easy prey.
Lots of them, one of me. Need to even the odds.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JOHN?
NOOO-AGGGHKK
IT'S ME, JOHN. PLEASE!

GLAD YOU BOYS ARE ALL RIGHT. WE'RE GETTING THE HELL OUT OF THIS PLACE.
WHAT'S WRONG, DAD?
NOTHING. JUST GOTTA MAKE ONE STOP IS ALL. WE'RE BRINGING EDDIE WITH US.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. STAY IN THE CAR.
EDDIE!
EDDIE...
AW, JEEZ.
HE KNEW HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK TO YOU.

NEVER COULD FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.
WHY'D HE HAVE TO DIE?
WE LIKE OUR TOWN THE WAY IT IS, JOHN. GUYS LIKE YOU WHO WANDER OFF THE ROAD--WE MAKE THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE. NO ONE DIES OVERNIGHT HERE. WE LIKE TO KEEP 'EM AROUND A WHILE. ONLY TAKE A LITTLE BIT OF THEIR LIVES AWAY EACH DAY, IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTLESS NIGHTS OF ECSTASY.
BESIDES, EDDIE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT OUR PLANS FOR YOU WINCHESTERS.
YOUR... PLANS? AND IT ALL STARTED WITH MARY, RIGHT?
MARY? THIS WASN'T ABOUT MARY AT ALL. IT NEVER WAS.
TELL ME, HOW ARE THE BOYS?
YOU'RE TIRED, JOHN. DON'T YOU THINK THEY COULD USE *A MOTHER?*
BLAM!!!
WE'RE DONE HERE.

...HELP... HELP ME...
-:SNIFF:-
SMELLS LIKE WINCHESTER IN HERE. WHERE IS HE NOW?
...KILLED US... LEFT...
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE FATHER, FOOL.
I NEED TO KNOW--
WHERE IS SAM WINCHESTER?
CHAPTER ONE
Writers - Peter Johnson & Rebecca Dessertine
Art - Diego Olmos
Colors - Jonny Rench
Letters - Wes Abbot
Editors - Ben Abernathy & Kristy Quinn
Cover by Ben Oliver; Variant cover by Dustin Nguyen
Special Thanks to Sonia Borris
SUPERNATURAL created by Eric Kripke
TO BE CONTINUED